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[WHOLE No. 109.]

THE ADVANTAGES OF ADVERSITY.

" Though perils did
Abound as thick as thoughts could make them, and
Appear in forms as horrid; yet my virtue,
As doth a rock against the chilling flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken."

SHAKESPEARE.

WE are the inheritors of sorrow; and he who has not felt that, knows not the native grandeur of his soul. It is not, when reclining on the voluptuous couch of prosperity, that we feel we are more than earth: it is when adversity drags us from the blandishments of pleasure, that the immortal spirit within us exerts her power; revealing to our astonished eyes the gorgeous magnificence of the splendid world, in all its intrinsic littleness and folly: and leading us into the rugged path of life, shews us how to prove ourselves worthy of immortality, by undauntedly combating the opposing powers of vice, malice, and misfortune. The satellites of riches naturally tend to harden the heart, and make it indifferent to the happiness of any but itself. Led early in life into the gay garden of pleasure, where a bright sun for ever blazes in the sky; where nature and art unite in the closest concord to render the scene beautiful and bewitching to the senses: the magnificent stores of the east are poured before them; the most sumptuous garments of the world are thrown at their feet; their board is loaded with the most delicious viands, served in dishes of resplendent gold and silver; Arabia wafts her most spicy gales to revive them, and harmony warbles her most entrancing sounds to lull them into rest: they feel of a race superior to the chances of fortune; and, swelled with their "high blown pride," they spurn the supplicating son of misery from their gates. They have not an idea of his sorrows, therefore they know not how to pity them. But let him turn from the mansion of "swilled insolence," to that of temperance and misfortune; there he will find the softened soul of a brother, ready to sympathize in his woes, and to pour the assuaging balm of comfort into his breaking heart.

A man thus rendered poor by the mischances of life, and unhappy by the unkindness and ingratitude of those who once flattered themselves his friends, struggles against the storm

—if he has a wife or children to protect—till, overcome with exertion, he sinks into the arms of his Maker, a martyr to his affection and his virtue. But if he be alone on the earth, he retires to some deep solitude; and there, in the conversation of his books and heaven, he hears the words of the dead applaud him for his seclusion from the temptations of a dishonourable world: Religion will shed her glories around his head; and meliorating his mind to a pensive resignation, will sublime his soul to such a purity, that when he dies, all he has to resign of earth, is breath. This mild composure of the mind, is what Beattie means, when he exclaims—

" Ah! what is mirth, but turbulence unholy;
When with the charm compar'd, of heav'nly melancholy!"

On thy soft bosom, pensive queen, the widowed matron rests her sorrowing head: thou hearest her earnest vows of faithful widowhood; thou wipest the scalding tears from her sad eyes, and sootheest her into peace. To thee, also, flies the unhappy maid, who breathes a hopeless love: wandering amid the mazes of solitude, far from the world, and the dear object of her fond affection, she subjugates the wild agonies of her passion to thy mild influence: a tender philanthropy fills her breast; by rendering others happy, she heals the bleeding wounds of her lacerated heart! Though, sometimes, the sigh of tender recollection will heave her bosom; a tear to her luckless fate will tremble in her eye; and her disappointed heart sicken at the illusive happiness of the world; yet, in the shades of retirement, she breathes the prayer of resignation; becomes the protectress of the afflicted; and dies the death of a saint. Thus, "Virtue is like some perfumes, which are most fragrant when burnt or bruised; for prosperity best discovers vice, but adversity, virtue!"

ECCLESIASTICAL WIT.

DR. Andrew Pearne, Dean of Ely, a man of keen wit, happened to call a clergyman a fool (who it seems was little better;) the parson replied, that he would complain thereof to the bishop of Ely.—"Do," said the dean, "when you please; and my lord bishop will confirm you."

LETTERS

OF A

PERUVIAN PRINCESS:

Translated from the French of
MADAME DE GRAFIGNY.

(Continued from page 27.)

LETTER III.

*To AZA: her being put on ship-board, sickness, and capture
by the French.*

IT is thou, dear light of my soul, it is thou who callest me back to life. Would I preserve it, if I was not sure that death, by a single stroke, would mow down thy days and mine? I touched the moment in which the spark of divine fire, wherewith the sun animates our being, was going to expire. Laborious nature was already preparing to give another form to that portion of matter which belonged to her in me: I was dying: thou wast losing forever half of thyself, when my love restored my life, which I now sacrifice to thee. But how can I inform thee of the surprising things that have happened to me? How shall I call back ideas that were confused even when I received them, and which the time that is since passed renders still less intelligible?

Scarcely, my dear Aza, had I entrusted our faithful Chaqui with the last tissue of my thoughts, when I heard a great motion in our habitation: about midnight two of my ravishers came to hurry me out of my gloomy retreat, with as much violence as they had employed in snatching me from the temple of the Sun. Though the night was very dark, they made me travel so far, that, sinking under the fatigue, they were obliged to carry me into a house, which I could perceive, notwithstanding the obscurity, it was exceeding difficult to get into. I was thrust into a place more strait and inconvenient than my prison had been. Ah, my dear Aza! could I persuade thee of what I do not comprehend myself, if thou wert not assured that a lie never sullied the lips of a child of the Sun?*

This house, which I judged to be very great by the quantity of people it contained, was not fixed to the ground, but being as it were suspended, kept in a continual balancing motion. O light of my mind, Ticaivirac ocha should have filled my soul like thine with his divine science, to have enabled me to comprehend this prodigy. All that I know of it is, that this dwelling was not built by a being friendly to mankind: for some moments after I had entered it, the continual motion of it, joined to a noxious smell, made me so violently ill, that I am surprised I did not die of the malady. This was the beginning only of my pains.

A pretty long time passed, and I had no considerable suffering, when one morning I was frightened out of sleep by a noise more hideous than that of Yalpa. Our habitation received such shocks as the earth will experience when the moon by her fall shall reduce the universe to dust.† The

* It passes for certain that no Peruvian ever lied.

† The Indians believe that the end of the world will be brought about by the fall of the moon upon the earth.

cries of human voices, joined to this wild uproar, rendered it still more frightful. My senses seized with a secret horror, conveyed to my soul nothing but the idea of destruction, not of myself only, but of all nature. I thought the peril universal; I trembled for thy life: my dread grew at last to the utmost excess, when I saw a company of men in fury, with bloody countenances and cloaths, rush tumultuously into my chamber. I could not support the terrible spectacle; my strength and understanding left me: still am I ignorant of the consequence of this terrible event. But when I recovered, I found myself in a pretty handsome bed, surrounded by several savages, who were not, however, any of the cruel Spaniards.

Canst thou imagine to thyself my surprise, when I found myself in a new dwelling, among new men, without being able to comprehend how this change could be brought about? I shut my eyes, the better to recollect myself, and be assured whether I was alive, or whether my soul had not quitted my body to pass into unknown regions*. I confess to thee, dear idol of my heart, that, fatigued with an odious life, disheartened at suffering torments of every kind, pressed down under the weight of my horrible destiny, I regarded with indifference the end of my being, which I felt approaching: I constantly refused all the sustenance that was offered me, and in a few days was on the verge of the fatal term, which I beheld without regret. The decay of my strength annihilated my sentiments: already my enfeebled imagination received no images but like those of a slight design traced by a trembling hand; already the objects which had most affected me, excited in me that vague sensation which we feel when we indulge to an indeterminate reverie: almost I was no more. This state, my dear Aza, is not so uneasy as it is thought. At a distance it frightens us, because we think of it with all our powers: when it is arrived, enfeebled by the gradations of pain which conduct us to it, the decisive moment appears only as the moment of repose. A natural propensity which carries us towards futurity, even that futurity which will never exist for us, reanimated my spirit, and transported it into thy palace. I thought I arrived there at the instant when thou hadst received the news of my death. I represented to myself thy pale disfigured image, such as lily appears when scorched by the burning heat of noon. Is the most tender love then sometimes barbarous? I rejoiced at thy grief, and excited it by sorrowful adieus. I found a sweetness, perhaps a pleasure, in diffusing the poison of regret over thy days; and the same love which rendered me cruel, tore my heart by the horror of thy pains. At last, awakened as from a profound sleep, penetrated with thy agony, trembling for thy life, I called for help, and again beheld the light.

Shall I see thee again, thou, the dear arbiter of my existence? Alas! who can assure me of it. I know not where I am: perhaps it is far distant from thee! But should we be separated by the immense spaces inhabited by the children of the Sun, the light cloud of my thoughts shall hover incessantly about thee.

* The Indians believe that the soul, after death, goes into unknown places, to be there recompensed or punished according to its deserts.

LETTER IV.

To Aza: account of her treatment during her sickness.

WHATEVER the love of life be, my dear Aza, pains diminish, despair extinguishes it. The contempt in which nature seems to hold our being, by abandoning it to despair, shocks us at first: afterwards the impossibility of working our deliverance proves such an humbling circumstance, that it leads us to a disgust of ourselves. I live no longer in nor for myself: every instant in which I breathe, is a sacrifice which I make to thy love, and from day to day it becomes more painful. If time bring some solace to the ills that consume me, far from clearing up my present condition, it seems to render it more obscure. All that surrounds me is unknown, all is new, all engages my curiosity, and nothing can satisfy it. In vain I employ my attention and efforts to understand or be understood; both are equally impossible to me. Wearied with so many fruitless pains, I thought to dry up the source of them, by depriving my eyes of the impressions they receive from objects. I persisted for some time in keeping them shut: but the voluntary darkness, to which I condemned myself, served only to relieve my modesty: offended continually at the presence of these men, whose officious kindnesses are so many torments, my soul was not the less agitated: shut up in myself, my inquietudes were not the less sharp, and the desire to express them was the more violent. On the other hand, the impossibility of making myself understood, spread an anguish over my organs, which is not less insupportable than the pains which a more apparent reality would cause. How cruel is this situation! Alas! I thought I had begun to understand some words of the savage Spaniards; I found some agreement with our august language; I flattered myself that in a short time I should come to explain myself with them. Far from finding the same advantage among my new tyrants, they express themselves with so much rapidity that I cannot even distinguish the inflexions of their voice. All circumstances make me judge that they are not of the same nation; and by the difference of their manners and apparent character, one easily divines that Pachacamac has distributed to them in great disproportion the elements of which he formed human kind. The grave and fierce air of the first shews that they are composed of the same matter as the hardest metals. These seem to have slipped out of the hands of the creator the moment he had collected together only air and fire for their formation. The scornful eyes, the gloomy and tranquil mein of the former, shewed sufficiently that they were cruel in cold blood; which the inhumanity of their actions has too well proved. The smiling countenance of the latter, the sweetness of their looks, a certain haste in all their actions, which seems to be a haste of good-will, prevents me in their favour, but I remark contradictions in their conduct which suspends my judgment. Two of these savages seldom quit the sides of my bed: one, which I guess to be the Cacique* by his air of grandeur, seems to shew me in his way, a great deal of respect: the other gives me part of

* Cacique is a kind of governor of a province.

the assistance which my malady requires; but his goodness is severe, his succours are cruel, and his familiarity imperious.

The moment when, recovered from my fit, I found myself in their power, this latter (for I have observed him well) more bold than the rest, would take me by the hand, which I drew away with inexpressible confusion. He seemed to be surprised at my resistance, and without any regard to my modesty, took hold of it again immediately. Feeble, dying, and speaking only such words as were not understood, could I hinder him? He held it, my dear Aza, as long as he thought proper; and since that time, I am obliged to give it him myself several times every day, in order to avoid such disputes as always turn to my disadvantage. This kind of ceremony* seems to me a superstition of these people: they imagine they find something there which indicates the nature of a distemper; but it must doubtless be their own nation that feel the effects of it; for I perceive none; I suffer continually by an inward fire that consumes me, and have scarce strength enough left to knot my Quipos. In this occupation I employ as much time as my weakness will permit me: the knots, which strike my senses, seem to give more reality to my thoughts; the kind of resemblance which I imagine they have with words, causes an illusion which deceives my pain: I think I speak to thee, tell thee of my love, assure thee of my vows and my tenderness: the sweet error of my support, and my life. If the excess of my burthen obliges me to interrupt my work, I groan at my absence. Given up thus intirely to my tenderness, there is not one of my moments which belongs not to thee.

Alas! what other use can I make of them? O my dear Aza! if thou wert not the master of my soul; if the chains of love did not bind me inseparably to thee; plunged in an abyss of obscurity, could I turn my thoughts away from the light of my life? Thou art the sun of my days; thou enlightenest them; thou prolongest them, and they are thine. Thou cheerest me, and I suffer myself to live. What wilt thou do for me? Thou lovest me, and I have my reward.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES.

I WAS acquainted once with a gallant soldier, who assured me that his only measure of courage was this. Upon the first fire, in an engagement he immediately looked upon himself as a dead man. He then bravely fought out the remainder of the day, perfectly regardless, as becomes a dead man, of all manner of danger.

VARIOUS are the reports respecting the embarkation of Thomas Paine for America. It may be relied upon that the author of the Rights of Man, and Age of Reason, anxious for his literary reputation, yearns to return to the land where he wrote COMMON SENSE.

* The Indians have no knowledge of physic.

LIBERAL ADVICE

ON THE EXERCISE OF THE LIPS.

TO THE LADIES.

THE *Exercise of the Fan* was proposed in the days of the Spectator, as a study highly necessary to the ladies; and the schemes offered to their consideration, included all the requisite perfections in the management of that pretty versatile machine. Though I must allow that directions of this nature were greatly conducive to a proper display of many female charms, there is still a more useful system of rules for the playing off love's artillery, which I beg leave, through the channel of your paper, to convey to the notice of my beautiful countrywomen. The system of rules which I here intend, is the *Exercise of the Lips*; and, after mature consideration, I think the whole secret may be comprised under the following heads.

Moisten your Lips.

Bite your Lips.

Open your Lips.

Close your Lips.

Pout your Lips.

Rest your Lips.

The mouth being a leading feature in the countenance, and the seat of the Graces, where all the winning loves and each amiable smile plant their allurements, there cannot be too much care employed by the ladies to acquire a pair of well disciplined lips, readily obedient to each of the rules above established, and capable with quickness and ease to perform every branch of this delectable exercise.

With regard to the first word of command; a due degree of moisture gives a sparkling lustre to the natural vermilion of the skin, like roses fresh besprinkled with the morning dew; it contributes likewise to hinder them from appearing dry and rough, as is generally the case with old maids; the least suspicion of which the ladies seem willing to avoid.

Biting the Lips is attended with more difficulty than the premised rule, because it is more complicated in its nature and includes the operation of the passions. There are always many topics in conversation, upon which this practice, if well managed, has a very expressive significance. When, for instance, disagreeable thoughts obtrude, it serves to excite new ideas in the fancy; it likewise prevents the unseasonable eruption of a conscious laugh, when the libertine wit of *Congreve* or *Vanbrugh*, provokes a betraying simper; not to mention that it helps to heighten the natural redness of the lip, and raises a degree of anxiety in the men, for fear the delicacy of the skin should suffer too much from too violent a pressure.

I do not doubt, but it may seem perfectly easy to open the lips, but this also I take to be a matter of no small difficulty. Very few, it is observable, open their lips to any purpose; besides it should never be done with too great a precipitance, but always gradually and by due degrees. Should there happen to be drawn up, within, an elegant row of beautiful white teeth, it will be sure to add greatly to the

natural bloom, by exhibiting an agreeable contrast; like ivory stained with a just arrangement of crimson colours. On this head it may not be improper to caution my readers against an indolent custom of relaxing into a yawn, which distends the mouth beyond its proper size, and generally occasions the witty saying, "*Thank you for not swallowing me.*"

Before the lips are closed, it is eligible to confer upon them a new refreshment of moisture, and, to enliven the colour: If they were to undergo the operation of biting, I should not think it amiss. Shutting the lips, I have often remarked; and, I think, cannot be too much practised by wives, and indeed the generality of women. In closing them, however, there are different degrees of pressure to be observed, because in this also the passions are concerned. When they gently touch each other, it gives a variety to the air of the face, by giving it an usual degree of length; but in this, those, who have naturally a long visage, are to be particularly cautious. When somewhat compressed, the dimples in the cheeks are displayed to advantage, and the whole face is enlivened with a pleasing serenity. If squeezed close together, it throws a beautiful pensiveness into the looks, which is seldom acquired to any degree of perfection by the generality of the sex; but when properly attained, it carries with it an elegant kind of dumb eloquence, which the critics have observed, is often a great beauty in poetry, and certainly has its portion of grace among the fair sex. I know a gentleman, who can read the thoughts of any lady whatever by observing the adjustment of the lips. He tells me, he has observed a pair of lips speak without any motion, for an hour together, and he has a list of lips, which he says, are absolute prudes; others that are rakes; some that are amorous, and some that are swelled with pride, and from a long course of enquiry he finds that they have more electricity than any other substance in nature.

But these remarks belong more immediately to the following head of *Pouting the Lips*, which is more difficult than any rule advanced as yet. In doing this, it will be always found expedient to moisten and bite them first, that, when prominent, the under-lip may look as if pregnant with delight. The passions of scorn, indignation, contempt, and the whole family of pride, are finely marked by this position. I have known a pouted lip to look down upon a rival beauty during an entire tragedy, and I have seen a lady, without uttering a single word, tell a man, that she thought him an unmannered coxcomb, by a forcible exertion of this expressive feature. I must observe, that this practice becomes handsome faces only; to such it gives an air of elevation, or a pretty fullness, which throws a kind of amiable severity over the whole countenance. Ugly women seldom have this art in any perfection.

The last rule is to *Rest your Lips*, and is the most neglected of any, though highly essential in this beautiful language. Young girls can never be brought to pay the least attention to this precept; but were they sensible, that when the features are left to display their own native graces without art, their charms are irresistible, I am convinced this word of

direction would be better observed. This Rule is more extensive than the foregoing, because it is proper for all ladies in general, whereas the former should never be practised but by such of the fair, as are blessed with a blooming Complexion and a delicacy of Features.

The bounds of your paper will not permit me to expatiate further; I shall therefore, at Maturity, publish by subscription an entire book, called the *Economy of the Lips*; in which I shall explain at large the doctrine here delivered, and I shall adapt each article to the make of the countenance. The whole shall be concluded with an *Essay on the Passions of the female Lips*, and to the honour of this part of the Face, I shall prove, that in these days, too much religion is centered with them, as what few prayers are said at present, come from the lips only, without the *Understanding* or *Heart* being at all concerned in the matter.

JOHN LIPSALVE.

MORTIFIED AMBITION.

A MORAL TALE.

— "What tho' you have beauty,
(As by my faith! I see no more in you,
Then without candle may go dark to bed)
Must you be, therefore, proud and pitiless?"

SHAKESPEARE.

JULIA was the daughter of a wealthy citizen, who occasionally retired from the hurry of business to an estate which he had purchased in the county of Bucks; leaving, in these moments of seclusion, the management of his commercial concerns to his son. Julia was a favourite child; and, through the partiality of her friends, and the flattery of her glais, had acquired the reputation of being beautiful: but, to an impartial eye, her personal accomplishments possessed only an inanimate insipidity; and it was difficult to discern whether the charms which nature had bestowed on her, or the title of Sir Richard, which her father obtained while serving the office of Sheriff, had the greatest share in producing that excess of vanity which marked the conduct of our heroine. To such a height did this fair creature carry her pride, that the most wealthy and opulent of the village were reluctantly admitted into the circle of her acquaintance.

The young Almeria, who with her widowed parent lived on a very small fortune in a cottage which they rented of Sir Richard, was an object of her peculiar disgust. Almeria, to a captivating mein, joined an elevated and enlightened understanding. She was the favourite of the rustic villagers, and the theme of every tongue. Her father had been presented to the rectory by the munificent and benevolent Lord Aimworth, with whom he had formerly lived on terms of intimacy while pursuing his studies at the University of Oxford.

His Lordship, after having made the grand tour of Europe, took his passage from the continent in a small vessel, which in a tempestuous gale of wind was stranded on the coast of Suffolk; and he was on the point of sharing the

calamitous fate of the crew, most of whom were drowned, when he was rescued from the watery element by the courage and intrepidity of Mr. Sandford; who, on the first appearance of the ship, had hastened with several of his parishioners to the beach, that they might give them assistance. Lord Aimworth, and those of the crew who escaped the fury of the waves, were conducted to Mr. Sandford's house, where every refreshment was bestowed that the hospitable curate could command. Nor was he less attentive in administering the duties of his office to the remains of those ill-fated men, whom the merciless waves had swallowed up, and whose bodies were the next morning washed on shore.

Aimworth traced, in the features of his hospitable host, the resemblance of his former friend: he saw, with pain, the humble sphere in which he moved; and the appearance of all around plainly indicated that the strictest economy only could acquire the necessary supplies of life.

Mr. Sandford was not unacquainted with the rank of his guest, having a perfect recollection of his Lordship: but his extreme diffidence prevented him from disclosing his knowledge of the noble peer, whom he suffered to depart as one to whom he was a stranger.

Several weeks had elapsed, and the incident was almost obliterated from the mind of Mr. Sandford, by the occurrence of more important concerns, when a circumstance, served to revive its recollection. Lord Aimworth, who was a lover of the Muses, and to which he paid his court with much success, had described the horrors of the tempest, from which he had been rescued by the undaunted bravery of Mr. Sandford, and the subsequent hospitality of the worthy curate, in a small poem, entitled *The Shipwreck*. This effusion of his Lordship's pen, inserted in the county paper, met the eye of his humble host; and was followed, a few days after, with a letter from the noble peer, in which the presentation to a valuable living in Buckinghamshire was inclosed. This living Mr. Sandford inherited several years; when he fell a victim to a putrid fever, which he caught from one of his parishioners, while administering to him the sacrament; leaving an affectionate partner, and an only child, to lament his loss.

The friendship of Lord Aimworth did not expire with the worthy Sandford: the widow and her orphan received from his lordship the same acts of benevolence which he had invariably bestowed on their departed friend. But now this generous patron, this noble friend, had joined the venerated Sandford in "that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns."

The estates of his Lordship had descended to an only son; a youth who, amidst a thousand irregularities, and with a heart buried in the vortex of gaiety and dissipation, discovered many strong traits of benevolence and rectitude. Two years he had suffered to elapse from the death of his noble father before he deigned to visit his paternal estate in Buckinghamshire; nor would he then, perhaps, have thought of doing so, had not a nervous disorder, occasioned by his dissipated mode of life, strongly urged the necessity of retirement to repair his constitution, which

Intemperance had materially injured. To the magnificent villa of his ancestors he retired; and here reflection, while she represented the folly of his past, offered plans for the regulation of his future conduct: Nor did he listen with disdain to this salutary monitor.

The family of Sir Richard Stockwell, readily found means to introduce themselves to the notice of his lordship; and the self-assuming beauty, the amiable, the all-accomplished Julia, strove with anxious care to inspire the bosom of Aimworth with a tender passion: hers already—or it was the whisper of fancy—heaved affection's sigh for the noble lord. The intercourse between these august personages now became very familiar and frequent; and every moment of leisure was employed by the love-stricken Julia, in embellishing the proud gifts of nature, to secure the conquest which her vanity proposed. The politeness and attention of his lordship were construed into affection; and that livid paleness which marked the countenance, and that extreme languor which pervaded the debilitated form of the youthful lord, and which were in fact, the effects of intemperance, were attributed by Julia to a painful concealment of his love!

At length Sir Richard, urged on by the pride of his lady, and the ambition of his daughter—and, perhaps, the high opinion he entertained of his own greatness was an equal stimulus—ventured to propose the beautiful Julia to his lordship. Aimworth, who felt his heart perfectly secure against the attacks of this self-fancied beauty, expressed himself sensible of the honour Sir Richard intended him; but confessed that, at that moment, he entertained no idea of entering into the marriage state. He was, he said, truly sensible of the merits of Miss Stockwell, for whom he entertained the highest esteem; and begged him not to attribute his declining to close with a proposition, in which he felt himself so much honoured, from an idea that he was under any pre-engagement; being, as he assured him, under no such restraint; but to its real cause—an unwillingness to give his hand to any woman, till he had cleared his estate of some heavy incumbrances which at that time affected it, and which he candidly confessed his irregularity of conduct had occasioned.

This rejection was a mortifying blow to the pride and vanity of Miss Stockwell and her family; but no sooner was the pain it had created in the mind of Julia removed, than the credulous fair-one believed, from the language of his lordship, that he scorned an union of interest; and that he would not deign to heal the ravages of intemperance, from the purse of a woman whom he honoured with his esteem. Hence she concluded that he bore her the most generous affection; and, lulling her cares with this flattering belief, patiently waited the arrival of the happy moment, that should relieve him from embarrassment, and her from inquietude—

"Thus the torn wretch, by Ignis Fatuus led,

Pursues the gleam which charms his lonely way;

Nor, till destruction whirls his hapless head,

Suspects the dangers of the treach'rous ray."

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON THE DISAGREEMENT BETWEEN THE GREEK AND THE ASIATIC HISTORY OF PERSIA.

[From Mr. Richardson's *Dissertation on the Languages, Literature, and Manners of the Eastern Nations.*]

THE Kaianian dynasty being supposed then to commence nearly about six hundred years before the birth of our Lord, this brings us to the reign of that king of the Medo-Persians, called by the Greeks Cyaxares, which, according to Sir Isaac Newton's conjecture, is supposed to have begun in the year of Nabonasar 137, about 610 before Christ. From this period, till the Macedonian conquest, we have therefore the history of the Persians as written by themselves. Between those classes of writers, we might naturally expect some difference of facts; but we should as naturally look for a few great lines, which might mark some similarity of story; yet from every research which I have had an opportunity to make, there seems to be nearly as much resemblance between the annals of England and Japan, as between the European and Asiatic accounts of the same empire. The names and numbers of their kings have no analogy; and, in regard to the most splendid facts of the Greek historians, the Persians are entirely silent. We have no mention of the great Cyrus, nor of any king of Persia, who, in the events of his reign, can apparently be forced into a similitude. We have no Croesus king of Lydia; not a syllable of Cambyzes, or of his frantic expedition against the Æthiopians. Smerdis Magus, the succession of Darius the son of Hytaspes, by the neighing of his horse, are to the Persians circumstances equally unknown as the numerous assassinations recorded by the Greeks. Not a vestige is, at the same time, to be discovered of the famous battles of Marathon, Thermopylæ, Salamis, Platea, or Mycale; nor of that prodigious force which Xerxes led out of the Persian empire to overwhelm the states of Greece. Minutely attentive as the Persian historians are to their numerous wars with the kings of Turan, or Scythia; and recording, with the same impartiality, whatever might tarnish as well as aggrandize the reputation of their country, we can, with little pretence or reason, suppose, that they would have been silent on events of such magnitude, had any record remained of their existence, or the faintest tradition commemorated their consequences. Xerxes, according to Herodotus, crossed the Hellespont, attended by no fewer than five millions two hundred eighty-three thousand two hundred and twenty souls, and escaped back alone in a fishing-boat; the whole almost of this mighty host perishing by the sword, by famine, or by disease. The destruction of such a number would have convulsed the whole of Asia, had it been united under one empire; could it possibly have been unselt in Persia? Can any man who has made the least observation, at the same time, on history, suppose, for a moment, that such myriads could by any means have been maintained in one collected body; even in the present

times, when the art of war, in that particular department, has arrived at a degree of perfection unknown in those ruder ages. The greatest armies, of which we have any rational information, are those of Jengiz Khan and Tamerlane, the most despotic and the most powerful conquerors on record; yet these princes, in all their mighty achievements, were seldom followed by four hundred thousand men. We are told, indeed that the army of Tamerlane, on his return from the conquest of India, when he meditated the destruction of Bajazet, and of the sultans of Egypt and Baghdad, amounted to near eight hundred thousand men, previous to the battles of Damascus and Ancyra. Yet those troops were dispersed in different divisions; they were besieging many distant places at the same period of time, and were not, after all, a sixth part of the reputed army of Xerxes: though Tamerlane possessed then an empire and an authority incomparably superior to that of the Persian monarchs in the highest zenith of their power; and was then marching against potentates of infinitely higher political consequence than the Grecians at the supposed period of this tremendous invasion. But the states of Greece appear, in fact with regard to the Persians, to have been far removed from that degree of importance which could hold them up as objects of such high ambition, or of such mighty resentment. Till the reign of Philip of Macedonia, they are hardly mentioned by the Persian writers but as tributaries to the Persian empire. These famous invasions may possibly therefore have been simply the movements of the governors of Asia Minor, to enforce a tribute, which the Persians might often claim, and the Greeks might never pay. Marathon, Salamis, and other celebrated battles, may indeed have been real events; but "numerous as the sands on the shore," is an idea which, in all times, has been annexed to defeated armies; and the Grecian writers, to dignify their country, may have turned the hyperbole into historic fact, and swelled the thousands of the Persian satrap into the millions of the Persian king.

ANECDOTES.

SIR Francis Bacon says, the muses are in league with time, and preserve the privileges of the golden age. Poetry subsists after states and empires are lost. The Poet's life unites safety with dignity, pleasure with merit—I wish I could add profit also. It places a man in the feast, and not in the throng—in the light, but not in the heat.

GREAT eaters have generally but dull intellects. Your dromedary is said to have four stomachs.

MEN are attached to parrots that disgrace human speech—and are fond of monkeys, that ridicule human action.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday the 5th inst. at Southampton, (L. I) Capt. MATTHEW ROGERS, to Miss RUTH SAYRE, daughter of Capt. Abraham Sayre, of that place.

On Friday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Burk, Capt. JOSEPH PRINCE of this city, to Miss ELENOR CONNOR, late of Ireland.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. JOHN A. KERSHAW, lately from England, to Miss ANN BARTOW, eldest daughter of Thomas Bartow, Esq. Merchant of this city.

DIED,

On Thursday afternoon, Mrs. R. PRICE, the amiable wife of Dr. Price: as mother, wife and friend, but few exceeded her.

In London, Mr. GUSTAVUS VASA, the African, well known to the public for the interesting narrative of his life.

On Monday last, after a painful illness, Master DANIEL H. CRUGER, in his eleventh year, the youngest and dearly beloved son of Henry Cruger, Esq.—His death, it is supposed, was occasioned by a violent fall on the ice, last winter, as he has been wasting away ever since.

Harmless Youth!
Hence did he go, just as he did begin,
Sorrow to know, before he knew to sin;
Yes, sweet Boy!
When the Archangel's trump shall sound,
And Souls with Bodies join,
Millions shall wish their time below
Had been as short as thine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE EDITORS conceive it not improper or partial to decline inserting any thing which has the least tendency to give individual offence; They are aware of the impropriety of countenancing the introduction of "ENIGMATICAL LISTS;" and assure "NEBUCHADNEZZAR," that they hereafter shall be refused; as we are sensible the space they monopolize, can always be converted to more useful lucubrations and agreeable compositions.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 23d to the 29th inst.

		THERMOMETER		Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.	
		observed at 6, A. M.	3, P. M.		6.	3.
		deg. 100.	deg. 100.			
July	23	74	80	s.	do.	cl. lt. wd. clear do.
	24	71	83	e.	se.	clear lt. wd. do. do.
	25	74	74	s.	n.	cl. lt. w. r. t. lg. cl.
	26	70	86	nw.	do.	clear lt. wd. do. do.
	27	73	81	sw.	s.	cl. lt. wd. cl. lt. wd.
	28	69	80	e.	se.	cl. lt. w. r. t. lg. cl. lt. w.
	29	70	82	ne.	e.	clear. lt. wd. do. do.

For the SENTIMENTAL and LITERARY MAGAZINE.

A PROSPECT OF PEACE.

WHAT joyful sound is this that strikes mine ear,
That seems to add fresh vigour to each part,
O hark! it says the joys of PEACE are near,
O, happy news! thrice welcome to my heart!

No more we'll hear the sound of wars alarms;
O may Bellona take an endless flight
With Mars and all their train of woes and harms,
Haste quick away to everlasting night.

Let wars and bloodshed now forever cease,
The purple gore no more the earth shall stain;
And may intestine broils give way to PEACE,
In every heart may truth and justice reign.

Combin'd with these then we may dare each foe;
For truth is ever heaven's peculiar care;
No force nor artifice can us undo,
Nor gilded palms betray us in a snare.

O glorious prospect! see the smile benign
Of heaven born PEACE refulgent spread its rays,
To PEACE and CONCORD may the world incline
And may our latter be our happier days.

The fields which have of late been drench'd in blood
No more with horrid slaughter shall be stain'd,
But in the place where martial armies stood,
The grass shall sprout, and fields of yellow grain.

Now rise my muse and view the pleasing state
Of spreading commerce in a future day;
What joys, what happiness doth us await,
What riches and what honour to display.

W. V.

NEW-YORK, July 27, 1797.

SONG TO STELLA.

SAY, why that deep and frequent sigh
Heaves thy soft bosom, gentle fair?
The tear that trembles in thine eye,
Ah! flows it from the fount of care?

Thou look'st, my love, like some fair flow'r,
Sinking beneath the dewy show'r.

Too well I guess thy secret woe;
Thou weep'st to think, that one short day
May bid thy beauties cease to glow,
And pilfer every grace away:

'Tis this that melts thy tearful eyes,
And heaves thy tender breast with sighs.

Yet shall not all thy beauties fade
Beneath rough Time's austere controul;
His keenest frosts shall ne'er invade
The bright recesses of thy soul,
Which, purer than the vestal flame,
For ever burns, and burns the same.

SONG.

WHEN the shades of night pursuing,
O'er the ruff'd billows creep,
The sailor oft the gloom reviewing,
Cheerless wanders o'er the deep.

Haply then in splendour rolling,
From the realms of parted day,
The cloudless moon his peace restoring,
Mounts and guides him on his way.

Julia, thus, when hope retreating,
Yields to care my tortur'd breast;
When my heart in anguish beating,
Sinks with cold despair oppress'd;

One soft smile thy lips disclosing,
Bids the wild emotions cease;
One kind glance my breast composing,
Stills my heart, and all is peace.

THE FALLING TOWER.

MARK ye the Tower whose lonely halls
Re-echo to yon falling stream?
Mark ye its bare and crumbling walls,
Where slowly fades the sinking beam?

There, oft, when Eve in silent trance,
Hears the lorn redbreast's plaintive moan,
Time, casting round a cautious glance,
Heaves from its base some mould'ring stone.

There, tho' in Time's departed day,
War wav'd his glittering banners high;
Tho' many a minstrel pour'd the lay,
And many a beauty trac'd the eye;

Yet never 'midst the gorgeous scene,
'Midst the proud feasts of splendid pow'r,
Shone on the pale a beam serene,
So bright as gilds its falling hour.

Oh! thus when Life's gay scenes shall fade,
And Pleasure lose its wonted bloom,
When creeping Age shall bare my head,
And point to me the silent tomb;

Then may Religion's hallowed flame,
Shed on my mind its mildest ray;
And bid it seek in purer frame,
One bright Eternity of Day!

CURIOUS EPITAPH.

BENEATH this stone lies MARY GRAY,
Chang'd from a busy life to lifeless clay;
By EARTH and CLAY she got her pelf,
And now she's turn'd to earth herself.

Ye weeping friends let me advise,
Abate your griefs and dry your eyes,
For what avails a flood of tears;
Who knows but in a run of years

In some TALE PITCHER OF BROAD PAN
She in her shop may be again.